

SSS MARK

ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAIN.

SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the worst type.

CURBS SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS.

I HAD SCROFULA in 1884, and cleaned my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of S.S.S. I have not had any symptoms since.

HAD CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Preparations: Alterative, Tonic and Expectorant.

FOR BLOOD AND SKIN!

A. B. C. Chemical Co., Richmond, Va.

Having for a long time suffered from the effects of a horrible blood trouble, and after resorting to medical skill and other remedies without benefit, I tried S.S.S. and lo! I have been entirely restored, and it affords me pleasure to attest its virtues. It is certainly a very great tonic and alterative, and I recommend any suffering from blood trouble, to try it.

J. W. WEIMER.

1015 W. Cary St., Richmond, Va.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. Address

A. B. C. CHEMICAL CO.,

17 S. 12th St., RICHMOND, VA.

DISPERSIA.

RIGA, Minn.

Genl. I now write to let you know that I have been using your Burdock Blood Bitters, and also

have long for me. I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years. I commenced the use of your Burdock Blood Bitters and they have brought me out all right. The use of three bottles conferred the great benefit which I feel profoundly grateful. I will never be without it.

WM. H. DELKER.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

FOR FULL, REGULAR, PAINLESS MENSTRUATION

A TILT WITH FOILS.

Mr. Kelly Teaches His Wife How to Fence.

HERE!" exclaimed Mr. Kelly, looking up from his paper, "that would be a good thing for you."

"What would?" asked his wife.

"Fencing," replied Mr. Kelly.

"Fencing?" she echoed, in surprise. "I never could build a fence."

"What a lot of nonsense!" retorted her husband, with considerable asperity. "I mean the art of sword playing. Here—let me read you: 'Fencing is now regarded as fully introduced into fashionable circles for amusement of the ladies. It is a wholesome, fascinating exercise, admirably adapted to women. Married ladies are even more benefited than the unmarried—and lots more to the same effect,' said Mr. Kelly. 'How dry you would like it?'

"Well, I don't know," said his wife, doubtfully. "How is it done?"

"Oh, they generally use small swords—foils, they call 'em, but you might begin with a stick, and I'll show you how, if you want me to."

"You say it's fashionable?" Mrs. Kelly hesitatingly asked.

"Says so right here," exclaimed her husband. "What I've said," he went on, enthusiastically, "shall we begin now? You need exercise, Martha, and I've noticed for some time that you were becoming sedentary—that's what the paper says right here in this piece. Shall we begin?"

Mrs. Kelly reluctantly consented, and her husband, inspired with the idea, dashed out into the shed, and presently returned with two laths which in his exuberance he had recklessly wrenched off the hen-coop.

"Now, then," he exclaimed, pulling off his coat, while his wife, moved the table and chairs out of the way. "this is the way it is done," and he instructed his wife how to hold the representative foil, while he made preliminary passes in the air to demonstrate the method of exchanging blows. "Now, to make it more real and pleasant," he continued, "we'll call it the fencing scene in Hamlet."

"Oh, that will be ever so nice!" Mrs. Kelly exclaimed; and "I'll be Mr. Hamlet."

"Oh, yes," sneered Mr. Kelly, coldly. "a healthy Hamlet you'd be. Who ever saw a Hamlet without a hair and a mole on his chin? I'll be Hamlet myself."

His wife graciously yielded the point to save dispute and contented herself with acting as Mr. Laertes, the other character in the play.

"Come on, now," said Mr. Kelly, asuming a jaunty position, with his lath in the air and his left hand behind his back for protection.

His wife grabbed her lath with both hands, threw it energetically aloft and knocked a globe off the chandelier.

"Oh, that's the way!" growled Mr. Kelly, as she stooped to pick up the debris. "Hamlet would have done just that way."

"I didn't know I was right under the burner," protested his wife, as she threw the broken glass in the stove and resumed her lath.

"Now, be more careful this time," said Mr. Kelly, as she again took a position. "No—don't hold your foil like that—you ain't going to box no carpers. There—that's more like it—now, then."

The laths rattled against each other a few times, and Mrs. Kelly received a terrible clip on the hand that removed the skin from the three knuckles, and evoked from that lady a stupenous yell.

"A bit—a palatable bit," gleefully exclaimed Mr. Kelly, as he dropped into a chair and very humbly begged her hand.

"It almost killed me!" cried Mrs. Kelly, as she broke my finger, CLIP ON THE HAND, she wailed.

"Pooh! Nonsense! mind a little thing like that," Mr. Kelly remarked, as she bounded up the injured member.

"I guess you wouldn't call it a little thing," protested his wife.

"Hush!" retorted Mr. Kelly, scornfully; "a man wouldn't notice a dozen cracks of that sort. Come on, now."

His wife picked up her lath again in a dispirited sort of way, and crossed Mr. Kelly's foil.

"Look out, now," he said, excitedly; "I'm coming for you with the death blow, and you want to look out for me."

This bit of information had the effect of stimulating his wife to extraordinary efforts, and the foil struck first every blow, while Mr. Kelly's lath performed a variety of gyrations simply marvelous in their eccentricity.

"Here I come!" shouted the excited Mr. Kelly, and he lowered his foil for the finishing stroke. At that instant his wife's lath was describing a most astounding evolution in the air, and in the confusion of the moment that worthy woman brought it down with a degree of spirit totally unlooked for in one of such sedentary habits, catching her husband nearly across the ear, and knocking him with great precipitation over a chair.

"What d'ye do that for?" he yelled, as he struggled to his feet and hung on to hisaching head.

"I didn't go to," pleaded his wife, hushed and awed by the unlucky termination of their innocent pleasure.

"Oh, no, you didn't go to," shrieked Mr. Kelly, in a passion-torn voice, dancing about the room and rubbing his injured ear. "oh, you wouldn't have done it for the world."

"You mustn't mind a little thing like that," said Mr. Kelly, as he dropped into his chair.

"None of your back talk round here," shouted Mr. Kelly, "you take and lug them laths out into the shed, and then, if you want any exercise, don't you ask me to help you out with none of your blame foolishness, and as his wife meekly gathered up the remains of their encounter, he jumped into his boots and went out doors to rub his swollen ear.

What women seem to banker after is fencing.—W. O. Fuller, Jr., in Texas Sittings.

COULD TAKE HIS CHOICE.

Need Musician—I am going to have a benefit. I want five tickets will you take? They are a dollar each.

Luckless Friend—I suppose I'll have to take a couple. Rather pressed for funds, though.

Need Musician—Well, if you'd rather lend me a dollar, I won't have a benefit, and we'll call it square.—Drake's Magazine.

TIT FOR TAT.

Wilkins—No intended son-in-law of mine should be seen coming out of a drinking saloon.

Snipkins—And no intended father-in-law of mine should be seen going into one.—Munsey's Weekly.

SEVEN SPOOK EVENTS.

No Particular Locality Has a Monopoly of the Spirit Throng.

A woman died under suspicious circumstances in a small house near Marshall, Ill., last November. Since then it is said that a form in white has been seen to pass in and out of the house at the same hour each night.

On a farm near Springfield, Mo., a spectral rabbit appears about an old well, into which the dead body of a murdered peddler was thrown many years ago. The animal is bullet proof. No matter how many shots are aimed at it, it maintains its position day after day.

A New York witness, on the night of his marriage to another woman, was surprised by a visit from the spirit of his first wife, who delivered to him a lecture on the evil of his ways, giving him to understand in the most emphatic language that she strongly disapproved of his course.

As a Maine judge was riding past a graveyard one moonlight night, he thought he saw a ghost. There was something white on top of a tomb, and it moved. Getting nearer, he saw its eyes gleam. But determining to solve the phenomenon, he advanced into the graveyard and discovered that the spectral object was only a stray sheep.

An elegant Indianapolis mansion, empty and in a state of decay, has been the scene of a very curious phenomenon. The owner, because he is tired of the racket kicked up by invisible midnight visitors. Furniture is turned upside down and the piano played by unseen hands. A ghostly figure appears and traces on the mirror letters of the color of blood, spelling out the word "Beware!"

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper says that while he was in the army, he was once awakened one morning on hearing his name called by his sister's voice. No one else heard the sound and the occurrence passed from his mind a few days later, when he received a letter from home stating that his sister had died on the very day he was so strangely awakened.

Mandan, Dak., has a spook and is proud of it. A man named Lansing died in 1881 in a house which has been vacant ever since. Those who pass the place in the night-time see strange lights flitting about in the deserted rooms and hear groans and cries of distress. One farmer who had the courage to look in the window declares that he saw Lansing, with a face as pale as death, lying on the floor.

Only One Day's Delay.

In Chicago recently the boiler and engine of a printing establishment were wrecked by an explosion. A month would be necessary to set new boilers and repair the engine. The manager, in a fit of desperation, besides the throwing out of employment the employees. But this is not a waiting game. The proprietors walked across the street, so to speak, secured a forty-horse power electric motor, connected it with the shafting and the next morning after the accident full operations were resumed. Under the old regime of steam working, work required to put things in working order. Strictly accomplished the thing in a day.

A Hermit in a New York Hotel.

The census brought out the fact that a man can live in a New York hotel for ten years and never speak to any one except as to the common-place affairs of eating and drinking. This champion hermit lives at the Grand Union Hotel and is known as Bailey.

There was a statement printed that the census man had skipped that hotel, and in writing to the supervisor to say that the story was untrue and that the clerk had made every effort to secure the proper information as to all permanent residents in the house, the proprietor, Mr. Garrison, added that there was one man called Bailey who, to the best of his knowledge, had not spoken a word to a living soul since he first came to live at the hotel ten years ago and from whom it had been impossible to obtain any answers to the questions. There has been a story told of another similar hermit in the house, but he lived in a large downtown hotel, but that one did talk occasionally.

Too Much Progress.

Mr. Chips (looking up from the paper)—"The doctors have discovered another new disease. Mrs. Chipmores, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism."

CATCHING CONVICTS.

How They Are Run Down by Hounds in Alabama.

The proverbial Convict-Catching Bloodhound is Nothing More Nor Less Than a Small Fox-Hound Trained with Considerable Care.

Bloodhounds are inseparably associated with slavery in the South. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other stories and dramas of that character would lose half their interest without the horrible inspiring bloodhounds. Since the war the bloodhounds in the South have been trained to chase escaped convicts. Every few days newspapers all over the country publish telegrams from some Southern city giving an account of the escape of a convict and his capture by the aid of bloodhounds.

Those convict-catching bloodhounds are myths. There are no such dogs in this section of the country. The dogs used in trailing escaped prisoners are small foxhounds, a very insignificant and harmless breed.

At Pratt Mines, five miles from this city, there are twelve hundred convicts, leased by the State to the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company, writes a Birmingham (Ala.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The company is responsible for the safe-keeping of the convicts, and is required to pay the State a good round sum for every convict man who escapes.

To capture those who escape the company keeps a large pack of hounds. These dogs are small red foxhounds. A few of them are spotted, but the majority are a solid, dull red color. They are small, slender-limbed animals, capable of fair speed and endurance, and they can without difficulty follow a trail five to eight hours old.

The dogs at Pratt Mines have for years been in charge of R. H. Crosswell. They are kept in a large stockade a short distance from the prison, and never taken outside the inclosure except when wanted to trail escaped convicts. In appearance these hounds are as lazy and cowardly as any "yaller dog" in existence, but when once they strike the trail of a convict they become a different animal. From puppyhood these dogs have been taught to follow nothing but the trail of men. They are never allowed to hunt game of any kind, and would pass over the trail of a fox or deer without notice.

To get the dogs on the right trail a coat or hat belonging to the escaped convict is obtained if possible and held to the nose of each dog, while Trainer Crosswell by signs makes them understand that is the scent they are expected to follow. They are then taken to the point where the convict made his escape from the mine or prison, or to the place where he was last seen. The moment they scent the trail they recognize it and give a sharp yelp. Their lashes are then slipped off, and they are set on the trail.

A New York witness, on the night of his marriage to another woman, was surprised by a visit from the spirit of his first wife, who delivered to him a lecture on the evil of his ways, giving him to understand in the most emphatic language that she strongly disapproved of his course.

As a Maine judge was riding past a graveyard one moonlight night, he thought he saw a ghost. There was something white on top of a tomb, and it moved. Getting nearer, he saw its eyes gleam. But determining to solve the phenomenon, he advanced into the graveyard and discovered that the spectral object was only a stray sheep.

An elegant Indianapolis mansion, empty and in a state of decay, has been the scene of a very curious phenomenon. The owner, because he is tired of the racket kicked up by invisible midnight visitors. Furniture is turned upside down and the piano played by unseen hands. A ghostly figure appears and traces on the mirror letters of the color of blood, spelling out the word "Beware!"

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper says that while he was in the army, he was once awakened one morning on hearing his name called by his sister's voice. No one else heard the sound and the occurrence passed from his mind a few days later, when he received a letter from home stating that his sister had died on the very day he was so strangely awakened.

Mandan, Dak., has a spook and is proud of it. A man named Lansing died in 1881 in a house which has been vacant ever since. Those who pass the place in the night-time see strange lights flitting about in the deserted rooms and hear groans and cries of distress. One farmer who had the courage to look in the window declares that he saw Lansing, with a face as pale as death, lying on the floor.

Only One Day's Delay.

In Chicago recently the boiler and engine of a printing establishment were wrecked by an explosion. A month would be necessary to set new boilers and repair the engine. The manager, in a fit of desperation, besides the throwing out of employment the employees. But this is not a waiting game. The proprietors walked across the street, so to speak, secured a forty-horse power electric motor, connected it with the shafting and the next morning after the accident full operations were resumed. Under the old regime of steam working, work required to put things in working order. Strictly accomplished the thing in a day.

A Hermit in a New York Hotel.

The census brought out the fact that a man can live in a New York hotel for ten years and never speak to any one except as to the common-place affairs of eating and drinking. This champion hermit lives at the Grand Union Hotel and is known as Bailey.

There was a statement printed that the census man had skipped that hotel, and in writing to the supervisor to say that the story was untrue and that the clerk had made every effort to secure the proper information as to all permanent residents in the house, the proprietor, Mr. Garrison, added that there was one man called Bailey who, to the best of his knowledge, had not spoken a word to a living soul since he first came to live at the hotel ten years ago and from whom it had been impossible to obtain any answers to the questions. There has been a story told of another similar hermit in the house, but he lived in a large downtown hotel, but that one did talk occasionally.

Too Much Progress.

Mr. Chips (looking up from the paper)—"The doctors have discovered another new disease. Mrs. Chipmores, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism."

TWO-HEADED MOCCASIN.

An Encounter with a Venomous Reptile Doubly Armed.

A party of fishermen returned home this evening from the Cut Off, three miles below this city, writes the Galena (Ill.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, where they had been angling since early morning with splendid success. These particular disciples of Walton not only secured an abundance of black bass, salmon, pike and sunfish, but brought back with them the most decided curiosity in the shape of an oviparous monstrosity ever witnessed in this city. It was no less than a double-headed snake, pure and indisputable, and a monster serpent at that, of the moccasin variety, its length being little short of five feet and its circumference around the thickest part of its body eight inches plump.

The serpent was killed near the water's edge by Captain Lee Helt, an intrepid old soldier, who was severely attacked by the reptile, and would no doubt have been severely bitten, had it not been for his prowess as a marksman and the rapidity with which he drew his revolver from his pistol pocket and fired a couple of balls in rapid succession into the body of his dangerous antagonist.

The snake had evidently crawled out of a hole in the decayed stump of a tree, and when first discovered was lying full length in the sun just in front of the aperture. Captain Helt first imagined there were two reptiles lying together, but on cautiously approaching the spot observed, to his amazement, that it was one snake only, but with two distinct and perfectly formed heads.

The hideous reptile, which had evidently been in a stupor, suddenly became aroused, and was in the act of darting at the captain, when, as above stated, a couple of doses of cold lead from Helt's revolver brought the serpent to a halt, almost at its very feet.

On examining the moccasin it was found that the two heads forked at right and left angles from the body, each head having between three and four inches of neck. The heads were perfectly formed and exactly alike, and when the serpent was aroused from its stupor both gave forth a horrible hissing sound, which for an instant nearly paralyzed the captain.

The latter gentleman says he has faced during his manhood about every thing that was calculated to try a fellow's nerve, from a band of Forrest's guerrillas to a Rocky Mountain lion, but he never tackled any thing that tried his courage more effectually than that double-headed moccasin.

Sambo Surprised a Missionary.

A native convert to Christianity in equatorial Africa recently asked a missionary the following question: "Which is more contrary to Christ's commandments, to go about naked according to the custom of our ancestors, or to go in debt for garments which make us hot and unhappy?" The answer of the missionary was not given, but probably it was in the line of a wise compromise—if compromises are ever wise.

A DUTY TO YOURSELF.

It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick-headache and all liver troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken, and do not gripe.

Has your doctor cured you of blood disease? If not try A. B. C. Alterative; many such cured.

Adolf Lalloz, carriage manufacturer of 114 Carroll street, Buffalo, N. Y., states: "I was troubled with nausea of the stomach, sick headache and general debility. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."

WE CAN AND DO.

Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, or if it does not cure, we will refund the money. It is a positive cure for syphilis, poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and all Pimples. It purifies the blood, and builds up the system, and restores the constitution. Sold by Budwell, Christian & Barbee.

A CHILD KILLED.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of soothing syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the